

Sandmen by Deep_South

Series: [Jailbait \[3\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Billy has fantasies about being used, Dom/sub Undertones, Fetish fic, M/M, Masturbation, Orgasm Delay/Denial, Submission, sleep kink

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Summary:

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(Or Billy has a thing for risky behavior and consequences. Kinks: enforced orgasm denial. (Can be read alone, but might have more clear context if read after *Silk Like Skin*)).

Sandmen

Author's Note:

(The Hoppinggrove perversion continues...). Thanks to beautyinchains for pushing for Billy to be the one with the sleep kink habits and Jasperdite for prompt-suggesting something with orgasm denial. :)

As always, if you are one of the niche readers that Hoppinggrove + fetish fic actually speaks to, please do share any desires and kinks in the comments below or message me on tumblr (which I finally signed up for...(False-North). I adore joint-scheming up perversions!

Sandmen

The thing is, is that Billy likes to *look*, to really fully look at the beautiful men that Steve and Hopper are. It's not actually something he gets to do all that often, which is surprising; It wasn't like either of them had any problems standing still. Not like Billy, who always felt overwhelmed with a nervous sort of energy that kept him constantly in motion. Steve and Hopper were always calm, sturdy anchoring pillars for Billy that kept him from shattering whenever his skin felt like it couldn't quite contain him. It was still hard to look at them though—really look at them—like he wanted to. It made Billy feel too self-conscious to stare too long, the action too vulnerable.

That's how it all started at least—Just a desire to look. One evening, after they had all fallen asleep on the couch in Hopper's cabin, Billy had awoken in the dead dark of the night, just enough light shining in from the window to see through the shadows. Hopper was propped up against the couch's side, Steve's head lulled against Hopper's broad shoulder, and both their faces had been so slack, so peaceful and beautiful. And Billy had just looked, finally, long and hard at the planes and angles like he always wanted to.

It didn't take long for his gaze to shift, for the soft round curves and dips of their lips, and the angled bones of their jaws, to turn the current of the air into something darker, wicked.

He started to jerk himself off almost nightly for a month after that. Whenever the three of them managed to secure a night all together, or during the times he snuck out of his own bed after curfew and into Steve's, Billy would wake up automatically in the middle of the night, already half-hard with the anticipation of getting to *look*.

It didn't take long after that to turn it into a game. Billy liked games about as much as he liked the danger of living on any sort of razor-pointed edge, and there was just something about trying to get himself off a few inches away from their supine forms, stretched out and languid with deep sleep, that felt like both. Billy also liked to find limits and break them. So after that first night he began to push. It was just little things at first: Could he get a little bit closer, the knuckles on his stroking hand almost grazing the dip of Steve's collar bones, the slope of his neck? Could he be a little bit louder, hover his lips right below Hopper's ear even though Billy knew he wasn't great at being silent? Could he touch them, peel back the sheets, slide Steve's t-shirt up as he slept, or push the hem of Hopper's boxers higher up his thighs? He could, as it turned out. And so he did, fisting his cock fast and reckless and hard until the sight of the gentle rise and fall of Hopper and Steve's chests made him come all over his own.

It was all dirty and wrong and exhilarating. Billy didn't know what would happen if either of them ever caught him, but he assumes the response would be just as dirty, that they would punish him somehow for it in a way that he's sure he'd love. He's just not sure if he maybe likes the *anticipation* of consequence even better, isn't yet willing to give it up, so he's still careful not to wake them and find out.

But Billy lets himself fantasize about what the appropriate consequence might be. Watching their faces in the dark, the strong stern ridge of Hopper's brow, the sharp bones of Steve's cheeks, Billy imagines them waking up one night to find him, shamelessly jerking himself while curled around the foot of the bed.

In his mind, Steve's long quick fingers are there, wrapping around his wrist to keep him from continuing. Hopper would growl, low and dangerous, about how filthy he was for touching himself.

"Yeah," Steve would say to him in a tone equally dark. "*You know you*

need my permission to do that, Billy.”

And Billy would know they were right. He would apologize and beg for forgiveness, but Hopper and Steve can both be as unyielding and cold as fucking steel when they want to be, and they would be towards him in that moment. Billy knows simple words won't cut it, not when Hopper asks him how long he's been doing this in his full-on official interrogation mode. Billy won't be able to lie to him because Hopper reads lies for a living and Steve knows every single one of his tells. And fuck, even just *'that'*—the knowledge that he can't get away with *anything* when Hopper and Steve are conscious, makes these little nightly rebellions even sweeter.

Knowing Steve and the way his filthy mind works, Billy's pretty sure that if he's feeling particularly creative and sadistic he might even bind Billy's arms while he sleeps to remove the temptation, the sheer possibility, of touching himself again while they slumber. Billy let's his mind wander over that little prospect, how Steve would hold out his hand for Hopper's cuffs and the Chief would hand them over. Or how Steve would tell Hopper to cuff him, and he would, linking the metal through the iron gate bars of the headboard, Billy's arms pulled above his head, or maybe even just bound behind his back at the wrists in a purposefully humiliating ritual every night before they all go to bed. They'd ask him what penance he was prepared to pay, and he'd answer them honestly—that they should be able to use him, as many times as he's used them. And since they didn't get the opportunity to enjoy it, or the option to come during the times Billy has looked and touched, then it's only fair, only fitting, that Billy be denied that luxury now.

In his fantasy, Steve would insist they keep an actual tally, and Hopper would bring home a white board from the station. And Billy would lay himself down on the bed, spread himself out for them, every night for twenty-one nights, and be good for them. He'd let them pound and thrust and fuck against, and on, and in him—one after the other or *together*—whatever they want. For twenty-one nights he'd feel Steve and Hopper shudder around him, push and pulse hot inside him, holding him down and filling him up, and he'd be hard and aching for every moment. And it'll be agony every time Steve reminds him that he can't come, but Billy will thank them both

for that because he knows he doesn't deserve to. Because what he's doing right now—*touching himself*—with one hand wrapped frantically around his dick, the other brushing over his entrance and the base of his balls—trying to swallow down the sounds of his breath as his pulse rate climbs so that he doesn't wake either the unconscious boy he'd do *anything* for, or the sleeping form of the man he calls '*daddy*'—is a *dirtybad* thing to do.

But if he did though, maybe Steve would push him, test Billy's resolve to submit to his penance—Pressing and pushing those long fingers up inside Billy when both he and Hopper are done, tease the tips over that spot that makes Billy see fucking stars and fireworks and convulse with the feel of it. Steve would narrow his eyes at him, '*You aren't going to come, Billy, are you? You wouldn't do that.*' He'd ask, but it'd sound like a warning. And Billy would do everything he could not to, force himself to wrench his body away from the acute pleasure of it while Steve continues to nimbly chase it.

He'd have to beg Steve to stop, beg Hopper to please make Steve stop—beg both of them to help him **not** come, because Billy isn't strong enough to not do it on his own. And disappointing the two of them after what he's been secretly doing every night is its own sort of agony, and if they tell him—*order* him—not to come then he won't. Or at least, he'll try not to so very very hard. Even though as a result he'll be constantly turned on for days, body thrumming with the need for release, with the heightened sensitivity of his nervous system straining against the underside of his skin. He'll try his best for them even as the swelling embarrassment of how much he needs them begins to break him. Because he knows he'll break all too easily under them both. Knows the way Steve will laugh at his constant discomfort and nip at his shoulder, and how Hopper will *scold* him for being so desperate for it just from them merely brushing up against him. And all Billy will be able to do, all he'll have to offer, is to try to stand up straight and whisper out, "*I'm sorry, Daddy,*" and then sink down to his knees and open his mouth wide in offering to whichever of them wants it first.

Billy bites hard into his lip at that, tastes blood blossom just inside the soft flesh of his cheek. He holds on to the image of himself on his knees in supplication, the height of Hopper and Steve towering above

him, the taste and weight of them both so etched into his tongue that his mind supplies it for him. His orgasm hits him sudden and hard and he gasps into it, shudders around and through it.

There's a frozen moment where Billy's sure he's finally been too loud, that Hopper and Steve are sure to wake up from the disjointed noise and frantic movements, but both of them are deep sleepers. Between his past years in the Navy and his current ones on the force, Hopper can sleep through anything, and Steve just never sleeps until his body shuts down and finally takes whatever it can get.

Billy still had been wildly reckless though, and for a brief panicked moment he realizes he's come thoughtlessly all over the sheets, the hem of Steve's shirt, and the exposed skin of Hopper's legs. He could clean it up, he has time. And if he's careful enough he might still not even wake them. He could take the small risk to mitigate the larger one of the other two waking up this way, tangled together and covered in the evidence of some sort of sexual encounter they don't remember having, looking to Billy quizzically for an explanation. But Billy doesn't clean it up; he doesn't even try. He moves instead to insert himself around the cooling mess between them, relishing the way Steve reaches out even in his sleep to pull Billy in against him and the warmth of Hopper's big hand as it shifts to drape across his hips.

A twinge of anticipation hovers over his decision, a feeling of lingering suspense that Billy lives for as he works out in his mind just what the framing of his explanation will be. There are a couple of ways that he can play it, he's just not sure which one would be the best, of just how far to push to get them to press back just right. There's still another hour or two before daybreak, so he has time to figure it out. His eyes start to grow heavier, however, as the adrenaline settles, and he yields to it, flickering sleepily through hazy images of provoking the strong beautiful men on either side of him. There's just enough time as sleep creeps up to take him for a final lingering hope that the scene will continue on in his dreams, his subconscious holding him and this particular desire of his over until Steve and Hopper wake up to find the mess of it in the morning.